

New Years Eve, 1984 by finnxwheeler

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Summary:

Just a short little thing I did about Mike & Will sharing a New Years' kiss.

New Years Eve, 1984

New Years' Eve 1984 came faster than anyone had truly realized.

Everyone in Mike and Will's nuclear families were crammed into the Wheeler's living room, gathered around the TV to watch the ball in Times Square drop on a brand new year. Karen and Joyce had given their sons permission to stay up late, and their time before the big ball drop was spent cuddling and power-snoozing in the basement. Ten minutes until midnight, the two ventured upstairs to ring in 1985 with their families and Nancy's boyfriend, Steve.

Mike and Will's families each knew about their relationship, and were alright with it for the most part. The only one who was a bit uneasy about it was Mike's father, Ted, but he was still fairly accepting of it. Will & Mike had already planned on kissing around their families for the first time that night at midnight, and both were prepared for a negative reaction. While they figured it wouldn't likely happen, since they were all supportive of their relationship, the boys still wanted to be ready for the worst—just in case.

Mike was seated on the couch with Will, his arm around the smaller male's shoulders. The surrounding people weren't attracting much attention, thankfully, but Mike and Will weren't sure how long that would last. There was a part of each of them that didn't care, while another part cared a lot. These people weren't strangers; they were their families, the people who provided for them and who they were around almost twenty four-seven. There was a lot at stake, if things went sour.

Then the countdown began, and Mike pulled Will closer. They gazed into each other's eyes as the adults around them cried, "Ten! Nine! Eight!" Will swallowed thickly, while Mike's anxiety began to show in his chocolate eyes. Will smiled reassuringly, which Mike immediately mirrored. Mike's was more nervous, however, and faded a lot faster than Will's had.

"Seven! Six! Five!"

Will moved closer to Mike, and was so close to him now that he

could count Mike's freckles and his eyelashes. Mike reached out to cup Will's cheek, caressing the delicate, smooth skin with his thumb. Will's lips curled inward, wetting them a bit as he took Mike's free hand in his own.

"Four! Three! Two!"

The space was getting smaller between them, so much so that they could now close their eyes. Will did so slowly, wanting to take in every inch of Mike he could before he was no longer able. Mike's snapped shut almost immediately, mostly due to his nerves. Their lips were about an inch apart and then...

"ONE!"

Mike's warm lips pressed firmly to Will's as soon as the number was shouted. Will could tell how nervous Mike was; he never kissed him like that otherwise. The kiss was chaste and lasted maybe six seconds or less, but the cheers had died down after a second and they thought they knew why. Both boys' cheeks had been red enough already as they kissed, but now they were burning even hotter at the prospect of being observed. Pulling apart slowly, with Mike's eyes fluttering open after Will's had, they looked around at their families. Karen and Joyce were crying and grinning, Ted's jaw was on the floor, Hopper was trying to suppress a smirk, Nancy was concealing a smile behind her hand, and Steve & Jonathan were grinning from ear to ear.

Mike cleared his throat, looking at the floor for a moment. Will was pretending to fiddle with the end of his flannel shirt, his face still flamed crimson. After a minute, Will finally looked up at the staring sea of faces. Jonathan was standing over him, picking him up off the couch as Will yelped in surprise. Jonathan tightly embraced his little brother, kissing his hair as he grinned widely.

"I'm so happy for you," he said in Will's ear. "I told you that you could be free and happy if you just allowed it. Didn't I? Now look at you. Look at you. I'm so proud of you and I'm just...so excited for you, Will. I love you. I love you so much."

The room erupted into fresh cheers; this time, they were ones of agreement and support. Mike and Will began to cry tears of joy and

relief. It turned out that, after a year of hardships, 1985 may be a pretty good year for them after all.